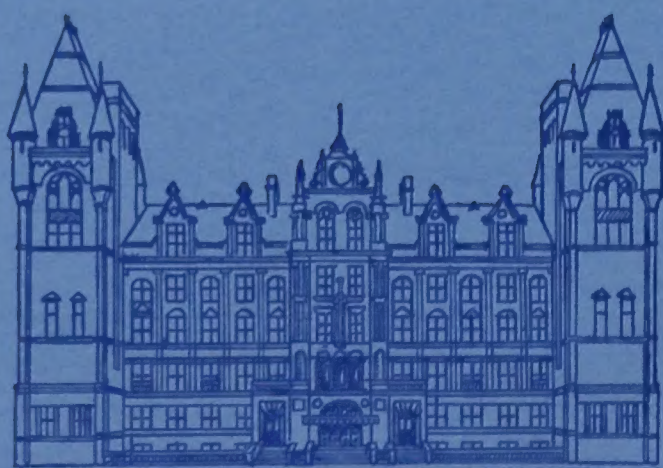


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Gillian Ashby

THE R·C·M MAGAZINE

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THE
R·C·M MAGAZINE



'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life'

A JOURNAL FOR PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS AND FRIENDS OF THE
ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, AND OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE RCM
UNION

VOLUME LXX No. 1

1974

Editorial

Obedience is a great virtue and, at a time when the idea of 'free thinking' has swung some people's mode of life to extremes of irresponsible behaviour, then it must be a rare commodity indeed. Freedom to create, think and believe is certainly the prize for which we have been fighting in this century—the wonderful strides in the arts and sciences bear witness to this—but none of these goals have been achieved without certain guidelines of discipline. I have already quoted Holst and Vaughan Williams in these pages as saying that before we become 'rebels' we must learn to be 'heirs' and now there are far too many people who care not at all what the other desires or needs and these 'gear-wheels' revolve erratically at their own sweet speeds, not thinking to mesh any more in harmony with their neighbours. (The evidence is one of Hairs and Rabbles!)

Over the few days' break at Christmas I was lucky to have the time to 'mess about' with two old clocks that I had purchased in a 'junk' shop whilst on my opera travels. They are both electrically driven by batteries and they work as a team under the principle of the 'Master' and 'Slave'. For many years the Greenwich Time-keeping service was operated by such a system until superseded at about the time of the 1945 Election by the quartz crystal clock and now by the caesium atomic clock.

If I describe briefly the operation of my 'toys' you will perceive how they conform to the idea of 'obedience'! The larger, yet more delicate, 'Master' instrument is the sort of clock that one can find in any school or factory reception office and consists of a freely swinging pendulum regulated to beat exactly to the secular second. By means of a highly W. Heath Robinson intrigue of jewelled 'gathering click', ratchet wheel, gravity escapement and an electro-magnet, this pendulum 'feeds' itself on a gentle push every thirty seconds and at the same instant sends out a time signal to the 'Slave'. This second clock, a much more rugged, tough creature, works at twice the pace of the 'Master' and its pendulum 'feeds' itself to an impulse whenever it needs it—that is when the amplitude of swing has dropped below a critical level. The 'Slave's' pendulum also drives a ratchet wheel but in a far more rough-and-ready mode than in its 'Master' and, by means of firm contacts, it can operate electrically as many clock dials as one wishes to place in the circuit. The 'Slave' characteristic is in the cunning way in which this second clock is 'obedient' for should it be 'going slow' or 'striking' fast, it is firmly corrected every thirty seconds by the signal from the 'Master' and, by means of yet another electro-magnet and a heart-shaped cam on the 'Slave's' axle (momentarily declutched from drive), smartly catches up or falls behind into synchronization. Here is an ideal Feudal System where the burden of existence is equally shared—acute, demanding responsibility on the part of the 'Master' and good honest sweat from the 'Slave'. One of the problems I am encountering at the moment with my clocks, however, is that, owing to certain intricacies of electrical compatibility, I am not able to 'match-up' my 'Master' with its 'Slave' and the signal sent out is not strong enough to cause the correction to take place.

This incompatibility would seem to be the trouble with the world at large for, in a successful democratic regime, responsibility at the top and obedience at other levels should match up. The fear that demands for strict obedience might be a symptom of Fascism has now crept into certain branches of contemporary musical composition where the composer allows performers to improvise everything lest he be labelled an

authoritarian dictator. Let us be free to move by all means but let us not forget that there are paths to guide us. A man who drives his car off Beachy Head cannot accuse the Law of Gravity of being a Fascist rule when he meets with inevitable opposition; there are still codes of behaviour that we *have* to obey.

In closing may I say that I believe I have my clock obedience problem solved by the cunning use of a transistor relay circuit!

Universe

A classical scholar from Kew
Owned a tom-cat and what a to-do!
For he taught it to speak
All the letters of Greek
But it never got further than μ !

An orchestral leader, most weird,
Kept a couple of mice in his beard.
He said, 'They are handy
To play my glissandi!'
And the rest of the players all cheered.

A lakeside concert promoter
Placed *Leonore III* on the rota.
When it came to the call —
No trumpet at all,
For the player fell into the water!

My father recalled such an incident at a concert by a lake in Germany—when the trumpeter, on his way to make the off-stage fanfare, accidentally fell into the water. EDITOR

Ex oribus . . .

A second study singer to the Professor—'No, my throat doesn't *hurt* after Choral Class; it's just that I can't SPEAK ! !'

BIRTHS

Kehoe: to Caroline* (Prynne) and Michael Kehoe* on November 13th, 1973, a daughter, Catherine.

Nethsingha: to Jane and Lucian Nethsingha* on December 10th, 1973, a daughter.

Swire: to Judith* (Compton) and Adrian Swire on December 4th, 1973, a son.

MARRIAGES

Lynn-Porter: Geoffrey Lynn* to Frances Porter* on August 25th, 1973.

Eagar-Flindt: David Eagar to Jane Flindt* on July 28th, 1973.

DEATHS

Allin: Norman, CBE, on October 27th, 1973.

Chatterton: Vivienne, on January 1st, 1974.

Franklin: David, MA, on October 26th, 1973.

Hadley: Patrick Arthur Sheldon, MA, Mus.D(Cantab), FRCM, on December 17th, 1973.

Palmer: The Hon. Arnold, FRCM, on November 27th, 1973.

Statham: Heathcote, CBE, Mus.Doc.(Cantab), on October 29th, 1973.

Trower: Vivien, on January 17th, 1974.

Whittaker: Douglas Robert, on January 9th, 1974.

*Denotes Collegian



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The Royal Visit

The Royal Visit

The Patron and the President, Their Majesties Queen Elizabeth the Second and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, visited the College on December 5th. They were received by the Chairman of the Council, Colonel the Hon. Gordon Palmer, and the Director.

A number of presentations were made, and then the Royal Party proceeded to the stage of the Parry Theatre. Surely a more beautiful academic robe can seldom have been devised than the blue and gold one which the Queen Mother was wearing.

The President of the Students' Association, Roger Chase, spoke as follows:

'Your Majesties, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is always a great pleasure for this College to welcome our President and this year we have the added honour of the presence of our Patron.

'I hope Your Majesties will enjoy your visit as much as I know we shall and on behalf of the students of the Royal College of Music I sincerely welcome you both.'

The Director then spoke:

'May it please Your Majesty, the College is deeply conscious of the very great honour Your Majesty brings to it by your presence here today.

'The Royal College of Music was founded by the Prince of Wales, later His Majesty King Edward VII, in 1883 and incorporated by Royal Charter. His Royal Highness became the first President of the College and continued actively in that office until his accession to the throne. The President has always been a member of the Royal Family and indeed the College has been greatly honoured that it was Your gracious pleasure to be our President for ten years before becoming our Patron.

'Since Your Majesty's accession to the throne Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has been our President and has taken a vital and abiding interest in our affairs, visiting the College no less than twenty times since 1953.

'It is, therefore, our earnest desire that Your Majesty should today confer upon our President the Degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causá*, in the Royal College of Music.'

Her Majesty the Queen then handed the Diploma to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and spoke the following words:

'It is with great pleasure that I confer upon Your Majesty the Degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causá*, in the Royal College of Music.'

The President replied as follows:

'May I say how deeply touched I am that the Royal College of Music should wish to confer on me the Degree of Doctor of Music, and how proud I am to receive it at Your Majesty's hand.

'Since I became your President many years ago, I have always greatly enjoyed my visits to the College, to meet the students and to listen to their lovely music-making.

'With all my heart I wish them joy and success in that magic art which so enriches our lives.'

The only previous holder of this degree was Her Majesty Queen Mary. It was conferred on her in 1933 at Buckingham Palace by the then President, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The President then presented medals and prizes to senior prize-winners. This was followed by a performance of *Amahl and the Night*

Visitors, by Gian-Carlo Menotti. The composer flew from Venice that morning in order to be present, and returned the same evening. The choice of this work was the President's own. It was a sensitive and lovely performance, with which the composer was well pleased.

Tea was then served in the Concert Hall for the Royal Party, the cast, and the whole audience. After tea, Their Majesties moved about informally and met many people.

When Their Majesties left, a fanfare by Sir Arthur Bliss was played.

Many people seemed to think that it had been one of the most successful of all Royal Visits.

MARGARET PRIDEAUX

RCM UNION

The Annual General Meeting was held on November 27th in the Donaldson Room. The Annual Report and audited accounts were adopted. Mrs Ian Glennie, Mrs Clare Turquet and Mr Michael Gough-Matthews were elected to fill three vacancies on the Committee, Miss Margaret Prideaux, Mr Ralph Nicholson and Dr Desmond Sergeant having retired after serving for six consecutive years. The Honorary Officers were re-elected. Of the two Honorary Auditors, Dr Philip Wilkinson expressed his willingness to continue but Mr Peter Element wished to resign owing to pressure of work. We are most grateful to Dr Wilkinson for being prepared to undertake the audit single-handed in the future. The Union is greatly indebted to both Dr Wilkinson and Mr Element.

The Meeting decided that the subscription for overseas members and subscribers to the Magazine (non-members) should be increased to £1 per annum from September 1st, 1974.

The "At Home" will be held on July 4th. More information will be sent to members early in May.

SYLVIA LATHAM,
Hon. Secretary

NEW MEMBERS

Ball, Andrew	McBride, David
Bull, Mrs R. A. (Rosemary Davies)	Mackie, Neil
Currie, Miss Jacqueline	*Maillard-Back, Miss Andrée
Eells, Miss Mary	(Mrs N. Choveaux)
Fairbank, Mrs S. (Sarah Brown)	Moore, Mrs C. T. (Caroline Clack)
Fletcher, Mrs L. (Lenore Grimsey)	Morris, Miss Kerstin
Hollis, Lady (Evelyn Swayne)	Meakins, Vaughan
Houlton, Miss Julie	Randle, Miss Kate
Hunt, Miss Elizabeth	Sollis, Miss Linda
Isaacs, Professor Leonard	Spencer, Mrs Y. (Yvonne Johnston-Smith)
Jonas, Peter	Tillotson, Mrs V. L. (Valerie Troup)
Little, Ian	

*Life Member

NEW YEAR HONOURS 1974

MVO	Harry Gabb
OBE	John Stainer
MBE	Sidonic Goossens

FRCM
Douglas Craig
Colin Horsley
Thea King
Redvers Llewellyn
Anthony Milner

Easter Term Address

by

June Gordon

The Marchioness of Aberdeen, FRCM

It is undoubtedly a great surprise (and terror!) to find myself on this august platform addressing you this morning. It would have been even *more* of a surprise to my professors in the far away 1930's when I was a student here—for as a student I was a very second-class citizen and certainly would never have got into the College today. My protector was beloved Sir Percy Buck, a kind, gentle, lovable and brilliant man who had taught me as a small girl of eight, and who shepherded me through College—arranging for Piano Lessons as one first study with Marmaduke Barton in Room 50, and Singing with Dawson Freer. Mr Barton had been a student when the College first opened, and all his female pupils supposed him to be in love with them personally! Perhaps because I had been brought up in a boys' school—Harrow—I had a more realistic view. He didn't succeed in turning me into a pianist but he did encourage me to love and understand good playing and performance. He said to me once, 'You won't be able to play till you've had an unhappy love affair', and some months later, 'Ah, I see you have'! I must add hastily that a love affair in those days did not go *quite* as far as it does now!

I'm afraid a good deal of my time at College was wasted—perhaps I had too happy a home to go back to and the pressures and demands were not as great then—and it was only just before my final year, when I realized how hopeless I was, that I began to put on the pressure. Having asked Sir Percy Buck whether I should do a Teachers' Training Course or G.R.S.M., he said, 'You ought to do G.R.S.M. but you're too fond of boys', thereby ensuring that I did G.R.S.M., and thank goodness I did because all sorts of doors opened thereafter. It also introduced me to conducting because it was on this very platform that I had to conduct the final Junior Exhibitioners' Concert.

Finally, before leaving the old days, I must mention two other marvellous friends, Angela Bull, who arranged all the Teaching Courses and was our guide, philosopher and friend; and beloved John Hare in the Office, who kept me right about everything, heard all my tales of woe, and even rang me up with the results of my exams days before I was supposed to know them.

Thus equipped, I taught for a while in a large Girls' School—married—survived the war, and with my husband settled down in a beautiful, historic house—Haddo House—near Aberdeen in the north of Scotland—now rapidly becoming an oil man's paradise. Unfortunately to most Londoners, and certainly to London Music Critics, anything north of Edinburgh or Glasgow counts as the Arctic Circle, north of which no form of artistic life, or even of life itself, exists! Yet there is much endeavour and much of great worth and merit. Many famous musicians are now resident in Scotland, Alexander Gibson, ex-RCM, in particular, who has done so much for Scotland both with the Scottish National Orchestra and now Scottish Opera. In just 10 years Scottish Opera has come a very long way and their performances win acclaim, and justly so, wherever they go both in this country and abroad. 1974 is the Year of the Scottish Composer and there are a great many, and very well known ones, such as Thea Musgrave, Thomas Wilson, Martin Dalby and Robin Orr. So don't dismiss Scotland as a 'land without music' for there

is plenty, and of great merit, and above all there is a more peaceful environment in which to enjoy it.

For our own particular music-making is a happy blend of professional and amateur. Based on this same beautiful, historic house, where there is a large, acoustically perfect wooden Concert Hall in the grounds, and a Chapel with a Father Willis Organ, the Haddo House Choral Society has run with increasing success since 1945. My husband's roots are deep in the soil of Aberdeenshire, and it was *his* idea to found a Choral Society. It started with Carols and a small number of about 30 estate workers. In those days it was said that my husband only engaged a gardener if he had a good tenor voice! Now the Choir numbers 120—joins with another one, Turriff, for big concerts, and has now sung most of the main oratorios, ranging from the *Messiah* and the *B Minor Mass* to Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* and Vaughan Williams' *Sea Symphony*, which we performed for the first time in the presence of the composer, and with his special guidance. And this year will see a performance of Dr Howells' *Hymnus Paradisi*. On the Operatic side, starting with Gilbert and Sullivan (a very good tonic for Bach!) and progressing via *Veronique* and *Fledermaus*, we reached Grand Opera with *Carmen*, later *Nabucco* (with a real horse—and on this occasion my husband insured both audience and orchestra for £50,000!) *Macbeth*, *Gloriana* in our 25th Anniversary year—with Judith Pearce in the title role—and this last year *William Tell*—with two hours 'lopped' off.

The orchestra, known as the Haddo House Concert Orchestra, consists of Scottish professionals and friends from London—some very famous names among them: Leon Goossens, Archie Camden, Eddie Walker, to name only a few. Mostly they have to suffer me as conductor, and my conducting was learnt long after I left College—with Dr Reginald Jacques, Clarence Raybould, some lessons with Sir Adrian Boult, and one historic one with Sir Malcolm Sargent on *Belshazzar's Feast*! But most of my conducting has been learnt from members of the orchestra—who have helped me more than they will ever know. I learned early on a maxim of Sir Henry Wood, 'Never pretend to anything you don't know as the members of the orchestra will only catch you out'. But there are great occasions when special people come. Benjamin Britten conducted his own *Spring Symphony*, Michael Tippett his *A Child of Our Time* and Vaughan Williams, although he would not conduct *A Sea Symphony*, did conduct Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, a work by his old master whom he loved, and which he considered one of the bright lights of English music. And this year we look forward to Delius' *A Mass of Life* with Sir Charles Groves.

Drama has its place in our activities and the plays of Shakespeare are performed on a specialist Globe Stage in normal daylight as in Shakespeare's own time—the genuine article—not your fancy London Globe! Other plays form the classical repertory by dramatists such as Shaw, Wilde and Goldsmith are also performed.

Finance is one long headache but Trusts are generous, particularly the Vaughan Williams Trusts, and the Arts Council does its best for we fit into no known pattern. Our County Council, consisting almost entirely of farmers, is particularly generous, and must be one of the best in the country. For the rest, it is one long round of Sales, Coffee Mornings, special events like Dress Shows, and so on. This is the worst and most boring side of music-making—and best forgotten except when necessary.

Now if, as an OAP Musician, I have a message that is of any use to you, it would be in these terms. First, the learning doesn't end here. One goes on all the time—even at 60—and I have learnt more in the last

30 years than I ever did in the first. Then, don't be too technical all the time. Music needs a breath of the outside world and practical down to earth business. Great artists are the most practical and sensible people in the world—and also the greatest fun. They don't talk opus numbers all the time! They tell you witty and dirty stories of things that have happened. It is the *Doing* of music and the *Performing* of it that really matters—not the posing and talking of it without getting down to the job. This makes for musical snobbery. I had this clearly demonstrated only recently. My nephew said to me, 'I can't bear classical music', and when I asked, 'Why?', replied, 'Because we have the Third Programme on all day at home and they talk of nothing else but music and art all day long'.

The most important point of all, however trite it sounds, is to know your score to the very best of your ability. Don't do, as one famous artist did to me when he had been engaged for a performance for over a year, arrive and say, 'I've had fifteen minutes with this on the plane', and then not know it at all. I once got the biggest rocket of my career from no less a person than Peter Pears for not knowing a score of *Jephtha*—a mistake I have never repeated! And, if you are a conductor, try and think yourself into the mood of the composer who, after all, is the important person in any great work. Having been brought up in the Church, I find a prayer very helpful before I go down to conduct a major work. I hope this doesn't sound smug—it isn't meant to be. If the Church is not your scene, then there will be other ways of feeling the Composer's presence and what he wants put over through you. As an artist engaged for a concert, please try and stick to that contract. If a foreign tour intervenes many months ahead, and there is time for a replacement, any reasonable organization will release you. But to receive, as I did two weeks before an important concert, a four-page telegram asking me to release a soloist specially engaged for that concert is neither excusable nor artistically defensible.

If you are a woman, even in these days of Women's Lib., you need to be very tough. Both in teaching and conducting a choir you must assert your authority very early on—and stick to it. We have a very loyal member, a University lecturer, a naturalized German, a splendid musician and actor, but one who 'blows his top' frequently! We had been rehearsing Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale* all one hot afternoon when he, as Leontes, had been shouting at me as Paulina. Came the evening and I was rehearsing Britten's *Spring Symphony* when, in a relatively easier movement, I cut a beat not once but twice—a fact signalled to me from the back row of the basses—and corrected next time. But this did not satisfy our friend who came down at half time, purple in the face, shaking his fist at me, and saying, 'You cut a beat and everybody knows it!' To which, drawing myself to my full height, I replied, 'If I choose to cut a beat you bloody well come in!' We've had no trouble since!

Finally, we can't all be great performers—only a few reach the dizzy heights. But there is a marvellous job to be done in the field of amateur music and of bringing others to the love and understanding of music. Don't scorn the faraway country people. They are far more co-operative and closer knit than the towns—and great results and great happiness can be achieved in the most astonishing places. I wish you all good fortune in the years that lie ahead, and I envy you to be at the beginning of your careers, when so many exciting things are happening. So forget the gloom that surrounds us in the world at present and remember only the joy and satisfaction that comes from achieving what you have set out to do. Good luck and thank you.

Poet's Corner

Time

Time is too short,
Time is too long.
Time is hungry
For minutes and seconds;
Nobody knows — Will Time ever end?

Blindness

When you are blind,
You still can see
Gardens of your own;
Flowers which only
You can care for.

ELIZABETH CLARE
Aged 10

A letter to the Director

Dear Sir Keith,

Your remark to me at the 'At Home' 'You must play to give pleasure' prompts me to write to you. Earlier this year we decided to get a piano over from England to give us some pleasure in our holiday flat. Pianos are practically unobtainable here and at a premium. It is a rather nice Erard of about 1896, reconditioned and with the most dainty wood-carving and inlaid work, very typically French. It arrived at the docks on July 19th in a temperature of 104 degrees, the highest recorded here.

Now to the point of my story. Most hours of the evening I have been playing in a swimsuit and blown on by an oscillating fan; it is so hot. Windows all wide open and I am told the music floats over the calm water. This evening, deciding to have a break, I walked on to the balcony and was immediately greeted by a round of applause and 'Bravos'. Quite 50 or 60 assorted Maltese were grouped round the boat-houses below, apparently checked in their Sunday evening stroll. 'Encore, encore, Chopin please!' This produced from me two Nocturnes and three Preludes, all I could remember from memory. I returned to the balcony and bowed like Rubinstein and felt like the Queen on Buckingham Palace balcony! Now I hope to play more and hope to give people pleasure and be damned to my complex of my long-lost expertise, though on my return to the UK next week I may have second thoughts. Who there has time to take a Sunday evening stroll?

Playing the piano here revives childhood memories as my first piano lessons were in Havana, Cuba, where my father was in business, and for four long years I used to do two hours daily, also in a swimsuit!

Thank you for your encouragement.

With regards---

Sincerely,

IRENE BOGACKI

August 4th, 1973
Salina Bay,
Qawra, Malta GC

North East West South

The Royal Collegian—Home and Abroad

SAMUEL AKPABOT is for the next two years Composer-in-Residence at Michigan State University in the African Studies Centre.

JOHN BAIRD'S one act opera *Treble Chance* for boys' voices and mixed ensemble was given its first performance at Westminster School in February, 1974.

MICHAEL CHIBBETT is lecturing at the Edinburgh College of Commerce Music School and is engaged in doctoral work at Edinburgh University.

DR HAROLD DARKE gave an organ recital in the Festival Hall on October 21st, 1973, in celebration of his 85th birthday.

GLYN DAVENPORT gave a song recital with Paul Hamburger at the Wigmore Hall on November 12th.

DONALD FRANGE, together with the composer David Bedford and the astronomer Colin Ronan, took a weekend course in 'Music and Astronomy' at Wansfell Adult Education Centre on October 26th to 28th, 1973.

RICHARD KING has recently taken up a teaching appointment at Prince Henry's High School, Evesham.

JULIAN LLOYD WEBBER, together with CLIFFORD BENSON, has just made his first commercial recording for Discourses in their 'All About Music' releases for the month of January 1974. It is in the series 'The Voice of the Instrument' and contains works by Bach, Boccherini, Beethoven, Popper, Saint-Saens, Fauré and Delius. Record number ABK17.

RALPH NICHOLSON conducted a concert by the Guildford Symphony Orchestra on November 17th, 1973. Among the soloists were John Francis, Millicent Silver, Sarah Francis and Basil Tchaikoff. The conductor himself was the violin soloist in the 5th Brandenburg Concerto.

DR MARY REMNANT gave a lecture-recital in the Purcell Room on November 1st on the subject of 'Musical Instruments in the Age of Chaucer'.

CHRISTOPHER SLATER conducted the first performance of Stephen Dodgson's *Concerto da Camera for Harpsichord and Strings* given by the Philomusica of London in April 1973. He also conducted a season of Johann Strauss's operetta *The Gypsy Baron* at Wimbledon Theatre in November 1973.

ORIEL SUTHERLAND took part in a BBC prize-winning portrait of Ralph Vaughan Williams' 'Summertime on Bredon'—specially devised for an international competition for music programmes sponsored by Hungarian Radio in the autumn of 1973. This was broadcast in England on Christmas Eve.

On November 10th, 1973, The First Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Mr HARVEY PHILLIPS, gave a concert at Felsted School. For the programme please turn to page 30 of this issue.

Visiting Lecturers Christmas Term, 1973

October 1st, 1973: Antony Hopkins 'Doing without teaching'.

October 29th, 1973: Goffredo Petrassi 'Can one still write music today?'

November 12th, 1973: Colin Mawby 'Plainsong and the Liturgy'.

November 26th, 1973: Professor Goebels 'Contemporary Music'. This was followed by a series of Master Classes given by the Professor on the 26th and 28th of November.

Accidental Music

When we had got out of our sprawled carriages in the Ealing train derailment shortly before Christmas, had clambered up the embankment into the street, rung up the folks at home and proceeded to get back to them, more survivors than I must have been plagued by inconsequential tunes running through their heads, from what I could gather from the humming and whistling in the telephone queue. Perhaps it might interest some if I put down the music which could not be made to leave me throughout the rather unsettled days which followed:

1. Playing on the piano, from the copies:
 An album of pieces by Madame Chaminade.
 'In a Persian Garden', by Liza Lehmann and Omar Khayam (all of it).
 'So we'll go no more a-roving', by Maud Valérie White and Lord Byron.
 'Whither must I wander?', by Vaughan Williams and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Footnote: No conscious connection whatever between the situation and these last two songs — and why so many women-composers?

2. On the gramophone:
 The piece for eight cellos and soprano by Villa-Lobos.
 The organ Adagio from the Third Symphony of Saint-Saëns.
 The 'Dolly' Suite by Fauré, in the orchestral version.

Footnote: Nothing to say.

3. Playing by ear:
 'Lily of Laguna'
 'Danny Boy'
 'Tea for 'Two' (over and over).

Footnote: How deathless these tunes seem to be.

4. Making up many ravishing chord-progressions, at once lost and gone forever.

Footnote: 'Dreadfully sorry' . . .

A fellow-survivor told me at a Boxing Day cocktail party that he, on the morning following the accident, concerned to ring up his London employers, walked quite a long way towards a public call-box before remembering that he had been on the telephone in his own house for the past 12 years. Like all of us fortunate ones he must have had his shocked mind still turned on the immediate compulsion to let his people know that he was all right before the media came into action. So perhaps people who might find themselves in similar case could be assured that they need not feel musically inadequate should they seem to fail to turn for solace to the Great Masters. (I think especially of my treasured Repertoire Class.) For our music is compounded of love, suspending criticism; of love, though critical; of love, with boundless admiration and quite beyond human appraisal. It was the first of these, if not the greatest of these, which seemed to occupy me. It is all there.

Soon there were the festivities of Christmas, when in our part of the world prayers were offered for the some 60 fellow-passengers maimed or dead. For those who were hurt and for those who had been deprived by death, there seemed to be not much to sing about. For those who were killed, there was for me the sound of at least three generations of the Choral Class: 'Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis'—by Verdi.

JOHN RUSSELL

Music and Mathematics

by

GUY WARRACK

How often has it been said in conversation that 'Music and Mathematics go together'? It is probably no more absurd than most other such generalizations; but it is certainly no less so, and in a hundred people who make such an assertion it would be lucky to find a single one who could substantiate it with any conviction. Certainly many mathematicians are interested in music, and many musicians in mathematics, but that proves nothing. It would be easy to point to at least as many tone-deaf mathematicians and to as many musicians whose idea of mathematics is making an income-tax return (probably getting it wrong). It would be very difficult to find one man who had done first-rate work in both spheres. On the whole the credit-balance seems to lie with the mathematicians, for some of them have at least written books about musical subjects, whereas I know of no instance of a musician writing on mathematical subjects.

However, writing about music or mathematics does not make the writer a musician or a mathematician. Indeed, very few writers on music can in any sense be called musicians, and as to mathematics, 'The function of a mathematician is to do something, to prove new theorems, to add to mathematics, and not to talk about what he or other mathematicians have done'. So wrote G. H. Hardy in *A Mathematician's Apology*, and all musicians will agree that, *mutatis mutandis*, his words apply equally to them.

Yet the writer on musical subjects cannot be dismissed quite so lightly, for though he makes no direct contribution to the art of music, he may advance the science of it, and the scientific advance will clear the path for artistic advance. Probably, then, the most useful writings on music have not been by musicians but by mathematicians, or at any rate by mathematical physicists, for they have researched into acoustics, and it is the science of acoustics that has brought our musical instruments to the present high state of efficiency without which the playing of music as we know it would be impossible.

These acousticians are truly the 'back-room boys' of music. Some have been pure mathematicians of the first rank, some, probably the majority, have been more physicists than mathematicians, and a few have had more ingenuity than scientific training. None, as far as I know, has been a musician of the front-rank. Among the first of the categories we should have to include such names as Pythagoras, Mersenne, Descartes, Brook Taylor, Euler, d'Alembert and Lagrange. Many of these may be considered to be mathematical physicists as well as pure mathematicians, but the distinction between pure and applied mathematics was formerly less rigid than it is today.

Every schoolboy knows, not always very affectionately, the name of Pythagoras in connection with one of the many theorems with which he enriched mathematics, that which relates the length of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle to the lengths of the other two sides. In actual fact many of his theorems were more important and more beautiful than this one, but it is the fate of many to be remembered popularly by works which are neither their best nor their most characteristic. In the middle of the sixth century BC Pythagoras turned his mind to acoustics. Indeed,

he may be regarded as the first acoustician, for he was the first to realize that if a string sounding a certain note is halved in length, the new resultant sound will be exactly an octave higher than the original one. He proceeded further to divide his string into other fractions, so laying the foundation-stone of the theory of Harmonic Series, the basis of all acoustics. He is commemorated in acoustics today by the 'Pythagorean comma' which is the difference between two enharmonically related notes.

If Pythagoras is popularly connected with a theorem that is not his finest, Pierre Mersenne (1588-1648) is chiefly remembered by a mathematical assertion which has since been proved to be definitely incorrect. In his *Cogitata Physico-Mathematica*, published four years before his death, he stated that if $N = 2^p - 1$, the only prime values of p not greater than 257 that make N prime are 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 13, 17, 19, 31, 67, 127 and 257. Later research has shown that 61, 89 and 107 should have been included in the list, and that 67 and 257 should not. It is not yet known whether or not N is prime when $p = 157, 167, 193, 199, 227$ and 229. Besides being a mathematician, Mersenne was a theologian, philosopher and musicologist. In this last capacity he brought out his *Traité de l'harmonie universelle* in 1627, which was extended into the *Harmonie universelle* nine years later. In these works he gives much valuable information about the musical instruments of his time and deals with the increasingly urgent problems of temperament.

René Descartes was *par excellence* a creative mathematician. His Analytical Geometry is one of the greatest and most far-reaching inventions in the whole history of mathematics. He was a pioneer of the undulation theory in acoustics and, like Mersenne, exercised with the question of temperament. His contributions to musical theory are contained in his letters and his *Compendium Musicae*, which appeared in 1650.

Brook Taylor (1685-1731) opened new mathematical doors with the key of the Calculus of Finite Differences, first expounded in 1715 in his *Methodus incrementorum directa et inversa*. His researches enabled him to determine the form of movement of a vibrating string, and he found that the rate of the string's vibration varied directly as the weight stretching it, and inversely as its own length and weight—a discovery of the first importance. It was in the *Methodus* that he first enunciated the well-known theorem bearing his name which led to such important developments as Newton's Binomial Theorem.

Leonhard Euler (1707-1783) turned his magnificent analytical brain to almost every conceivable sort of problem that could be attacked mathematically, whether the problem was in itself important or comparatively trivial, such as moving a knight over every square of a chess-board or going for a walk over the seven bridges of Königsberg without walking along the same road twice. His mathematical discoveries of importance are too many even to summarize here, but in 1739 he published a 'Tentamen novae theoriae musicae' in which he used logarithms for calculating the pitch of notes for the first time. His attitude to music was that no conglomeration of sounds can be satisfactory unless the law of their arrangement can be perceived—clearly a mathematician's attitude rather than a musician's. Leibnitz went still farther when he described music as an unconscious art of calculation.

Jean le Rond d'Alembert (1717-1783) was not, perhaps, in the very first flight of mathematicians, as were Pythagoras, Descartes, Taylor and Euler. Still, he made his contribution to the lore, and his postulate that

any algebraic equation has at least one solution, real or complex, is important. It took half a century to prove. His writings on musical subjects greatly exceeded (in bulk anyhow) those of his mathematical predecessors. On the partly physical side there are his *Recherches sur la courbe que forme une corde tendue mise en vibration*, written in 1747, and, 14 years later, his *Recherches sur la vitesse du son* and *Recherches sur les cordes sonores*. On the more aesthetic side we note the *Eléments de musique théorique et pratique suivant les principes de M. Rameau* and *Fragments sur l'opéra* (1752), in which he defends Gluck *contra mundum*. Later came his treatise *De la liberté de la musique*.

Taylor's theorem has already been mentioned, but oddly enough its importance was not spotted for nearly 60 years, when Joseph Louis Lagrange (1736-1813) described it as 'le principal fondement du calcul différentiel'. Lagrange contributed some elegant theorems to the Theory of Numbers. He is famous for the postulate (which he did not succeed in proving) that every prime of the form $4n - 1$ is the sum of a prime of the form $4n + 1$, and of double another prime, also of the form $4n + 1$. And whereas Euler had proved that any quadratic irrationality can be represented by a periodic continued fraction, Lagrange proved the converse, that any such periodic continued fraction represents a solution of a quadratic equation. Besides being a pure mathematician of a high order, Lagrange also did acoustical work and, in or about the year 1758, published his *Recherche sur la nature et la propagation du son*.

These seven mathematicians make a strong team. Of those who were physicists rather than mathematicians Hermann von Helmholtz (1821-1894) was probably the most distinguished; but our present pre-occupation is with mathematicians and musicians, not with physicists. Some ingenious musicians have sought to improve their instruments, and must have had a fair notion of mathematical physics to do so, though they need not have been, and almost certainly were not, mathematicians in Hardy's sense of the word any more than Taylor or Euler were musicians in ours. Among these men to cite merely two of many there were Stölzel, a Breslau horn player in the early nineteenth century, who developed the newly invented valve-horn, and Theobald Boehm (1793-1881), a Munich flautist, who revolutionized the fingering of many woodwind instruments beside the flute. These were great benefactors, and it might not be far from the mark to say that without their researches 'Till Eulenspiegel' and 'Daphnis et Chloë' could not have been written.

Composers as a class are not much concerned with the scientific side of their art. The obvious exception is Rameau, who delved deeply into the theory of music and studied the acoustical writings of Mersenne and Descartes. He had the advantage over them that he was a far better musician, and could refute some of their theories on aesthetic grounds, while turning others, which had hitherto remained only theories, to artistic account. His findings were published in his *Traité de l'harmonie* (1722), *Nouveau Système* (1726), *Génération harmonique* (1737), *Démonstration* (1750) and *Nouvelles réflexions* (1752).

Besides the works of Mersenne and Descartes, Rameau had read the theoretical writings of Gioseffo Zarlino (1517-1590). These include the *Instrumenti armoniche* (1558), *Dimonstrazioni armoniche* (1571) and *Supplimenti musicali* (1588). Zarlino, like Rameau, and unlike Mersenne and Descartes, was a musician. He was choirmaster at St Mark's, Venice, and a composer of great note in his day. As a theorist he was exceedingly advanced for his time and in dealing with problems of temperament hit

on the device of illustrating his points with diagrams, a method which was taken up by later acousticians, including Descartes.

Enough has been said to show that some of the greatest mathematicians have interested themselves in music and have added some knowledge to its science. Those whom I have mentioned as being musicians were not great mathematicians, and those who were great mathematicians were not musicians; yet they have all played an important part in the development of the art. I do not think that any musician has made a contribution to mathematics comparable with the mathematicians' contribution, even if it is an indirect one, to music.

Certainly one or two musicians have had mathematical ability. François André Philidor (1726-1795), whose real name was Danican, was evidently a highly original composer and operatic innovator. I regret to say that I do not know his operas, but he introduced such novel devices as the 'air descriptif', unaccompanied quartets and a duet formed of two apparently incongruous melodies. His operas were many in number and are said to be superior to those of Grétry. He was a considerable mathematician, but his abilities were devoted to chess, of which he was probably the most famous player of his day. He wrote a notable work, *Analyse du jeu des échecs*, and astonished the London Chess Club by simultaneously beating three first-class players 'blindfold'. It used to be said that the late Sir Walter Parratt could play several games of chess and a Bach fugue at the same time. I know nothing of either Philidor's or Parratt's mathematics (Grove tells us that the former had 'a natural gift for abstruse calculations'), but they were great chess players, and Hardy says

every chess-player can recognize and appreciate a 'beautiful' game or problem. Yet a chess problem is *simply* an exercise in pure mathematics (a game not entirely, since psychology also plays a part), and everyone who calls a problem 'beautiful' is applauding mathematical beauty, even if it is beauty of a comparatively lowly kind. Chess problems are the hymn-tunes of mathematics.

One other name comes into my mind at this point—the name of a man who was a professional mathematician before becoming a professional musician: Ernest Ansermet. He was professor of mathematics in the University of Lausanne until he became a conductor of international repute. His mathematical reputation was, I imagine, largely local, and I do not know that he made any striking additions to mathematics. As a conductor he has an uncanny memory and conducts the works by Stravinsky without a score, works in which, as a wit once put it, 'the time-signatures read like the morning trains to London'.

I have been drawing attention to isolated cases where music and mathematics meet in individuals, fully realizing that such cases constitute no proof that in general music and mathematics 'go together'. No doubt as many instances could be cited where they clearly do not. As far as I know, Schoenberg never published 'Vorträge über ausgewählte Fragen der Zahlentheorie', and we have not read Vaughan Williams on Diophantine Equations, nor did Sir Thomas Beecham conquer new worlds with 'Functions of a Complex Variable'. On the whole I think that these gentlemen were wise to stick to making music. But if it is true that in certain cases the two arts and sciences (for music is a science as well as an art, and mathematics an art as well as a science) do 'go together', then we shall want to know the reason why. I suggest that when two apparently incongruous interests are united in one man, it may be for one of two opposite reasons. Either the two interests are not so

incongruous as they might appear superficially, and have, in fact, something in common which commends them both to that same man; or else they are so opposed to each other as to be mutually complementary, and then, when a man's mind is fatigued with one, he escapes for relief to the other. Furthermore, these alternative opposites are not irreconcilable, for the two interests may have a common substratum, but widely different superficial manifestations. I suspect that this is just how it is with music and mathematics.

Superficially they appear opposites, the one appealing to the emotions through the senses, the other to the intellect. I doubt, however, whether this view will bear close scrutiny. For one thing, much music-making, whether composing or performing, is laborious, detailed, highly technical spade-work akin to calculation; for another, the finest mathematical work is as creative and often as intuitive as the writing of a symphony. Beauty and truth not only pervade both processes, they are the chief aim of both.

Non-mathematicians have occasionally been puzzled by the term 'creation' as applied to mathematics. 'The material is all there,' they will argue; 'all the mathematician has to do is to work it out'. This is to some extent justifiable, but only to the same extent as it is in music. The notes are 'there'—a very limited number of them are available for practical purposes, when all is said and done—and all the composer has to do is to work them into nice patterns. But no one would deny that this arranging of notes into patterns is in every sense creation. What does the mathematician actually do? Hardy gives us the answer:

A mathematician, like a painter or a poet, is a maker of patterns. If his patterns are more permanent than theirs, it is because they are made with *ideas*. . . . The mathematician's patterns, like the painter's or the poet's, must be *beautiful*; the ideas, like the colours or the words, must fit together in a harmonious way. Beauty is the first test: there is no permanent place in the world for ugly mathematics.

Although the comparison is with the sister-arts of poetry and painting, it is but a small step to apply it to music: indeed the writer almost takes this step himself when he talks of the ideas fitting in a 'harmonious' way. We can, then, expect the creative mathematician to find just the same aesthetic joy in his work as the musician.

But Hardy goes on to show the great difference. 'Music,' he truly says, 'can be used to stimulate mass emotion, while mathematics cannot'. Certainly one cannot imagine that if Cantor's theory of Linear Aggregates were expounded in the Albert Hall it would be greeted with the tempestuous applause that is called forth by Beethoven's fifth Symphony. But does this affect the creator? Not much, I think. Cantor worked at his theories for the same reason as Beethoven worked at his symphonies, because each was forced by his nature to express his personality through the medium that happened to suit it best. Every composer, whether of symphonies or theorems works primarily to satisfy himself and his artistic conscience. (Of course, this applies to all artists, but we are not concerned with the others.) True, there may be extrinsic incentives, money, fame, or what you will, but the work, once undertaken, is guided solely by this conscience.

In both arts creative excitement has occasionally outrun discretion and accuracy of detail. Beethoven composed at such white heat that he could not stop to notice that at one point in the seventh Symphony he gave sub-dominant harmony to the wind and tonic harmony to the

strings. Naturally this in no way affects the greatness of the symphony, and every conductor corrects the slip. More serious are Beethoven's artistic lapses—it is probably generally agreed that a few of his compositions are as banal as others are sublime. Mathematicians have also had their lapses. Fermat, for instance, searching for an algebraical formula which would generate primes, gave in 1640 as a solution $2^{2^n} + 1$. His assertion was disproved a century later by Euler when he showed that $2^{2^5} + 1$, or $2^{32} + 1$, or 4294967297 was divisible by 641. It must be remembered that in the seventeenth century there was less polished machinery for testing primality than there is now, but even so it seems odd to us that Fermat should have made this positive statement which could be disproved by taking such a comparatively early value of n as 5. As a matter of fact, during the last 70 years, $2^{2^n} + 1$ has been shown to be composite for another dozen values of n , namely 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 18, 23, 36, 38 and 73. In the meanwhile Karl Friedrich Gauss (1777–1855) had by chance found that the 'Fermat Numbers', so far from being an isolated fact in the 'Theory of Numbers', had a direct bearing on the problem of inscribing regular polygons within a circle. It must be stated in Fermat's favour that he issued no 'proof' of his assertion (which was arrived at by the dangerous path of induction). A false assertion is only rash, while a false proof is an artistic sin. Although Fermat's false assertion has perhaps attracted undue attention, he lives through his great work, *De maximis et minimis*, the theorem showing that if p is prime and a is prime to p , then $a^{p-1} - 1$ is divisible by p , and his statement that the equation $x^n + y^n = z^n$ is impossible for values of n greater than 2, x , y and z being integers (not yet generally proved, though Fermat claimed to have discovered 'a truly beautiful proof'), just as Beethoven is remembered by 'Fidelio' and the symphonies, and not by 'Die Weihe des Hauses' and 'Wellingtons Sieg'.

To return: the composer is directed by his artistic conscience and must be satisfied as to the essential truth of his work. What exactly constitutes aesthetic truth is a difficult question. I cannot attempt to answer it fully, but I am prepared to suggest a few contributory factors. One is ordered fitness, or the logical procession from each stage to the next. It is perhaps easier to appreciate this in mathematics than in music, but anyone who knows, say, Mozart's G minor Symphony will recognize this property as readily in it as in Euclid's proof that there is an infinity of primes. The ideas grow and unfold themselves in such an inevitable manner that it is impossible to imagine even an unexpected turn going any other way. The importance or significance of the ideas embodied in a work form another criterion of its aesthetic truth, though this importance is easier to recognize than to define. Truth is never trivial. Again, economy is a necessary element, for truth is not, or need never be, prolix. Contrast the symphonies of Brahms with those of his lesser contemporaries such as Raff. Most of us will agree that Brahms' ideas are more fundamentally important than Raff's, without possibly being able to say why. We are on surer ground when we maintain that Brahms' thought moves constantly forward and nothing is allowed to disturb its progress, whereas Raff's work is marred by endless repetitions and redundancies. (By an odd coincidence, I had just written these last words when I chanced to come across a letter of Tchaikovsky's: 'Played Brahms. It irritates me that this self-conscious mediocrity should be recognized as a genius. In comparison with him Raff was a giant, not to speak of Rubinstein, who was a much greater man. And Brahms is so chaotic, so dry and meaningless!' If you side with Tchaikovsky—not

many will nowadays - all you have to do is to re-read my last sentence, for 'Brahms' reading 'Raff' and for 'Raff' reading 'Brahms'. The general point is unaffected.

The three characteristics which we may summarize as inevitability, importance and economy are necessary conditions in all great music, and they are equally necessary in all great mathematics. It would be easy to go on adding to them at will, but there are few, if any, such conditions claimed as necessary by the musician which the mathematician would not claim too.

Many parallels could be drawn between the historical developments of music and mathematics, but such parallels must always be weakened by the more general possibility of equating the histories of almost any two arts.

Innovations do not spring out of nothing, though they may gain impetus very quickly. They do not happen at all until the world is ready for them. The symphony did not start with a jerk in the hands of Haydn and Mozart any more than analytical geometry started with a jerk in the hands of Descartes or the calculus in the hands of Newton or Leibnitz. Men like Stamitz and C. P. E. Bach prepared the ground for the great symphonists, just as Appolonius of Perga, Omar Khayyám and Fermat foreshadowed Descartes' *proles sine matre creata*, as Chasles quite wrongly called it. Stamitz and C. P. E. Bach made the symphony a necessity: Mozart and Haydn supplied it.

This preparation of the world by its lesser men for an important new development leads both in mathematics and in music to a remarkably frequent phenomenon - the almost simultaneous arrival in the firmament of twin stars, or greater constellations, of the first magnitude. In music we have our Handel and Bach, our Haydn and Mozart, the Schumann-Brahms Dvořák constellation, the Russian nationalist group and countless others. In mathematics Descartes, Fermat and Pascal shone together; Newton and Leibnitz independently but contemporaneously shed their light on what was to become the calculus, as did Cantor and Dedekind on the continuum. Examples could easily be multiplied; unfortunately they prove little or nothing, but they do form a fascinating field for speculation.

Indeed, to prove that music and mathematics either do or do not go together seems about as easy as to prove Fermat's theorem. All we can hope to say is *why* they do *when* they do, and this is difficult enough in all conscience. To epitomize my own tentative suggestions, musical composition and mathematical creation are each the expression of the personality of an individual: the standards governing the pattern-making of both kinds of practitioner have much in common. This is the common stem: the branches diverge widely, and music makes a sensuous appeal where mathematics has none, for there it is the argument that pleases, not the curve of an integral sign.

I have been talking particularly about practitioners, but the arguments apply to all who have a more passive attitude: those who follow and appreciate good mathematics, and those who listen to good music with pleasure and understanding. If it be true that the two arts we have been surveying have in truth a sturdy stem in common, while, on leaving the stem, they branch in opposite directions, does it not explain why one man is often disposed towards both, but can still turn with relief from one to the other?

CHORAL CLASS AND FIRST ORCHESTRA CONCERT

December 13th, 1973

For a composer to write a full-scale choral and orchestral work, and hear it performed in College while still a student there, is something which he might be excused for thinking almost too good to be true. Such opportunities come rarely; but so too do such works as *The Dream of the Rood* by Richard Blackford. The fact that our Director-designate, Mr David Willcocks, trained choir and orchestra and conducted this memorable first performance added, I'm sure, to the excitement for the composer as it did indeed for the audience.

The composer's idiom is naturally contemporary and he has evolved a style which seemed to match exactly the strange and compelling Mediaeval text translated from the original Anglo-Saxon by the composer. There are moments of great beauty—the string interlude stands out in the memory as one of them. There are sections which are overwhelmingly powerful but these are always at points when the text demands it; so there is never any exaggeration of sound for sound's sake. Indeed the scoring is most colourful. The impact of the work was a tremendous one on the present writer who had been fortunate enough to hear the last two full rehearsals as well as most of the performance.

Miss Pamela Smith and Miss Margaret Cable were the able soloists and both choir and orchestra seemed thoroughly at home with this difficult score. The responsibilities which fell on the shoulders of the organist, Duncan Faulkner, were enormous, and how well he dealt with them.

Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast* was the companion work in the concert. The Choral Class sang with splendid attack and there was verve and excitement in the orchestral playing. Edward Thornton made our flesh creep with the 'writing on the wall'.

In every respect it was a concert to be remembered and it showed us all what we may expect in this field in the future from the methods and enthusiasm of Mr David Willcocks.

R.L.

Students' Association WHAT'S GOING ON?

The question which echoes around College, like the cannons of a Tchaikovsky evening, requires a great deal of research to be answered, not because there is a lack of social activity but because spreading publicity in College is as beneficial as spreading manure in the Gobi desert. Here is a brave attempt to attract a few more eyes to the gay social life of College.

The activity which we are all looking forward to the most is the infamous and outstandingly successful May Ball, which was originally going to be held in July (typifying student punctuality) and was to be held on board an unfortunate vessel on the Thames. However, it was so difficult to get the idea afloat and the expense would have sunk us all, so we've decided to hold it at home, here in College on May 31st. Cabarets, bands, films, disco and, of course, plenty of food and drink will contribute to what we hope will be a very successful evening. Incidentally, contrary to common belief, staff and professors have not been banned from attending these functions and are, in fact, very welcome to exercise their social talents along with their students.

Another relatively new function in College, which may also be of interest to staff as a preliminary to the May Ball, is the Thursday Evening Yoga Class held by Sally Burgess, to enable us to improve our contortionistic qualities so vital to our profession. For the less athletic-minded we have a very successful film club which regularly exhibits current films of high quality and is usually followed by a discotheque in the Recital Hall.

Other SA facilities include a colour TV, no less, in Room 76a and billiard and table-tennis tables in the New Building Common Room, for which we are forming a club.

For information on current events and for ideas for new ones, please go to Room 110—we're waiting to hear from you.

STEVE WASSALL

Obituaries

David Franklin

In today's kaleidoscopically changing language one of our most abused words is 'unique'. It can however be applied unerringly to David Franklin, who died on 26th October, 1973 at the age of 65; for surely there never was another singer who approached the pinnacle of his métier, only to be struck down by sickness from which he fought back to embrace a new career which brought him to the notice of more millions than he could ever have dreamed of in his adolescent philosophy.

H. C. Franklin, who chose the Christian name of David for professional use, but was better known to most of us as 'Bill', was at Alleyn's School, Dulwich and went up to St. Catharine's College, Cambridge as a choral scholar in those halcyon pre-war days when a university was still primarily a place where you were taught how to live and not merely how to sweat for a degree.

Of this era Bill was probably as good an example as any, savouring with equal relish Walmisley in D and climbing in on E staircase (now, alas! demolished). He was urbane, sophisticated, scholarly and devastatingly sardonic.

His rich voice (basso cantante with a range of two and a half octaves) and his physique (six foot seven and eighteen stone) made him what a later generation would call a 'natch' for the truly heroic bass rôles of which he sang something like a dozen in the tragically short time before an enlarged thyroid stifled his singing for ever.

After Cambridge he went to teach at Sutton Valence, where they made a great deal of music, much of it conducted by a bright boy called Charles Groves (Knighted in the Birthday Honours 1973).

It happened that he was asked to sing at a Women's Institute concert in Lewes, hospitality provided by Mr and Mrs John Christie of Glyndebourne, a then only vaguely known name to him. Here he encountered a strange pepper-and-salt attired, vaguely foreign, butler-like man pushing the drinks trolley, who turned out to be the redoubtable Jani Strasser, trainer of generations of Glyndebourne voices beginning with Audrey Mildmay, and subsequently Bill's teacher. As always at those Christie house parties, they sang. A few weeks later, Bill was asked in a typically courteous letter from Mrs Christie if she could 'venture' to offer him an audition with Fritz Busch. He auditioned, was accepted and thus began the long connection with Glyndebourne which made so big a mark (some have said *too* big) on his whole Weltanschauung. He sang the Commendatore in that famous production of Don Giovanni which connoisseurs collect as one of the greatest opera performances of all time. Discophiles will remember that H.M.V. (as it then was) found the acoustics of the Glyndebourne stage so remarkable and the musicianship of the cast of so astonishingly high a standard, that they made longer 'takes' than ever before and the recording stayed in the catalogues for well over thirty years.

After the Commendatore came Sarastro and Banco and two or three years of soaking in the incomparable atmosphere of Glyndebourne.

But then came the War. Having held a commission in the Territorial Army, he was in straight away, but was fairly soon out again, having fought a losing battle with a duodenal ulcer.

In 1945 he went with ENSA to Europe as a member of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company and in 1946 he joined the newly-emerging Covent

Garden Opera Company. His reputation as an oratorio singer, particularly in 'Gerontius', grew apace. In opera he sang Rocco, Sarastro, Bartolo, Pimen, King Mark, Hunding, Fafner, Pogner, Sparafucile, Ochs, Colline and created Mars in Bliss's 'Olympians'. A delicious memory is of his then tiny daughter Janet virtually singing a duet with him from the third row of the Dress Circle at Sadler's Wells in the passage 'There's a model daughter' in Dennis Arundell's delightful production of 'The School for Fathers', conducted by James Robertson.

But then suddenly in 1950, as he told me himself in his dry unemotional way, his 'collars began to get very tight'. A growth was diagnosed and an operation was imperative. His singing voice never came back.

He suffered months of agonizing doubt about his future. Old friends were kind; Glyndebourne gave him the speaking rôles of the Haushofmeister in 'Ariadne' and the Pasha in 'Entführung'. But he had to find a new way of earning a living if he and his family were to maintain their accustomed standards.

So with his characteristic clarity of mind and thoroughness he sat down and worked out a unique lecture recital which he called 'The Singer and his Workshop'. He pre-recorded himself singing (which he could still do in short bursts without tiring) and then in performance the taped and live Franklins held a spirited dialogue on the art of singing. Then followed teaching, adjudicating, and a long series of highly successful broadcasts - potted opera programmes from the Midlands, *The Weekly World*, *My Music*, the 'Revisited' series and he was chairing 'Twenty Questions' when he was stricken by the heart attack which finally killed him.

In his almost ecstatic enjoyment of words and love of the orotund phrase Bill at times recalled Beecham. To some this was endearing; to others it provoked an uneasy love/hate relationship. Perhaps his beginnings in opera were too lofty. (I recall a chapter in Mary Garden's autobiography headed 'I start at the top'). Unlike hundreds of others he never had to claw his way up through the chorus and 'spits and coughs' and he himself said of the superb organization at Glyndebourne that he 'innocently thought this was the way all opera companies worked'. It was not easy for him after Glyndebourne to accept what he felt to be shortcomings and trivialities elsewhere. He had a fastidiously scholastic turn of mind which amused those of similar bent, but which looked to cheerful Philistines like schoolmasterish pomposity bordering on arrogance. It was grudgingly conceded that he might be modest without showing it. But the scholarship was sincere. How many singers would go back, as he did, and delve deeply into Aristotle when he was studying how to play Baron Ochs? As for his intellectual posture, Denis Norden once said of him, that, when mulling an answer on 'My Music', he reacted with 'outraged omniscience'. Perhaps one verbatim quote will suffice. Bill and Ian Wallace were walking round the lakes at Glyndebourne discussing a colleague who was trying to get himself up from baritone to tenor. Ian said, 'I don't think that particular metamorphosis is going very well'. Bill stopped dead in his tracks, clapped a hand on Ian's shoulder and said 'This is a significant moment in operatic history; up to now I had thought there was only one literate opera singer in England. Now I realise there are two of us'.

But if the façade was sometimes pontifical the man behind was one hundred per cent professional. Former students of the Opera School

when he taught here in the fifties will have been grateful for the lesson of his scrupulous discipline. He detested – as indeed do I – that extraordinary operatic tradition, indulged in even by some of the most celebrated artists, of introducing unrehearsed new bits of ‘biz’ with the idea of enlivening the proceedings and or ‘corpsing’ a colleague. One distinguished Oktavian is not likely to forget the trouncing she got from Bill after literally trying to ‘soup up’ her supper scene with him in the last act of *Rosenkavalier*.

There was deep warmth and compassion there too. I shall not forget his personal kindness to me when I too was rather a fish out of water in the immediate post-war years at the Wells. And music moved him so deeply that many a time he wept on stage – in *Tristan*, in the last scene of *Bohème*.

A whole man, a complex man, something of a Renaissance man, not over-prizing compromise. Perhaps he was like the Glyndebourne he loved so well – an immense professionalism concealed by a country house charade. A man who will be missed by millions. And of how many of us will that be said?

DOUGLAS CRAIG

Patrick A. S. Hadley, MA, MusD Cantab, FRGM

1899–1973

Emeritus Professor of Music in The University of Cambridge

There must be many friends of Patrick Hadley’s who are far better equipped to write about him than I am, because so many were closely concerned with the most important part of his life’s work in Cambridge. On the other hand few can have known him longer than I have and that is why the Editor has coaxed me into writing about our early associations.

It is over 60 years since Paddy and I sang together in Winchester College Chapel Choir, he treble and I alto. Being in different houses we were not very intimate then and he was a year senior to me, but later our common interest in music broke down some of the barriers and we could talk freely about music. His enthusiasms were infectious. He had just got hold of a set of records of ‘On Wenlock Edge’ and instantly proclaimed Vaughan Williams to be ‘the greatest composer of all time’. He remained devoted to V.W. throughout his life, but if a student had made such a declaration later in his life I think his reaction would have been, ‘Oh, you’d go so far as to say that, would you? I see.’

Paddy was no mean pianist in his school-days, and I remember him giving a dashing performance of Ravel’s *Jeux d’Eau* to the horror of our very conservative Music Master, E. T. Sweeting, who considered it hideously modern and declared ‘Hadley’s gone right off the rails’.

In due course Paddy went to St John’s Wood (quite conveniently situated for Queen’s Hall) to be trained for the RFA, and then out to France where he was severely wounded and lost a leg in September 1918.

On recovery he went up to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where his father was Master. After the normal three years he left the University and entered the RCM under Sir Hugh Allen. It was a joy to meet him again. We both came under Vaughan Williams and R. O. Morris, and were in Adrian Boult’s conducting and score-reading class.

Paddy wrote some exquisite music during his student days, notably his settings of Yeats’s *Ephemera* and of the closing words of *The Woodlanders*

(Thomas Hardy), both of which were sung by Odette de Foras. But, of course, all his major works were still to come. He was always sensitive to the quality of words. At the end of our studentship Allen put us both on the staff and so our intimacy lasted for another ten years when I had to leave for Scotland. Nevertheless we continued to meet at intervals.

One of the pleasant side-plays we used to indulge in at College was 'Contrapuntal Consequences' with R. O. Morris. Each player wrote down a musical theme of eight or more bars: these were then passed round the table and each player wrote another part under the first player's theme and then the papers were passed on again for a third part to be subscribed. These innocent games were usually preceded or accompanied by a bottle of claret.

Paddy was fond of his wine and was a good judge of it though in an unguarded moment he once said, 'It's one of the most pernicious fallacies of the present day that a magnum is enough for three'.

He used to say that throughout the (First) war he was building up an ideal of physical comfort, and in this connection I remember a party of us setting out in a car from the Lodge at Pembroke, and Paddy getting in sat down on the back seat at the near-side saying blandly, 'Well, if it's all the same to everybody else I'd just as soon have the most comfortable place'.

Paddy in his younger days was remarkably agile on the tennis court despite his artificial leg, and there were many pleasant games with Balfour Gardiner at his cottage at Ashampstead, often with Arnold Bax or Dick Austin for a fourth.

Here I must let someone else take up the tale. I used to see Paddy in Scotland sometimes, and sometimes in Cambridge, but our meetings became less and less frequent and now it is too late.

But I shall miss the old boy.

GUY WARRACK

Kathleen Markwell

1896-1973

Kathleen Markwell (Mrs Hiawatha Coleridge-Taylor) died suddenly at her home in Lewes on November 26th, aged 77. She came to the College from Yorkshire in 1915 and studied pianoforte with Marmaduke Barton. With singing as her second study, she sang for Sir Walter Parratt at Windsor, Dr Harold Darke at St Michael's Cornhill, and Harry Stubbs at Charterhouse. As an accompanist she played for years with Megan Foster and Dorothy Silk. Later, with Marjorie Hayward and Antonia Butler, she formed the Kamaran Trio which made many broadcasts and recordings besides touring widely under the auspices of CEMA in wartime. As a soloist, she excelled in the interpretation of Brahms as also in the Prelude, Choral et fugue of César Franck.

SIDNEY CAMPBELL

BOOK REVIEWS

Conducting a Choir by Imogen Holst. O.U.P. £1.30.

The sub-title of this book is 'A Guide for Amateurs', and as such it is just about as comprehensive as any book could possibly be. Everything is taken care of, from how to beat a clear three-in-a-bar to the asking of the vicar's approval for 'the use of the church hall's lavatories during the final rehearsal'. All that Miss Holst assumes as starting-points are enthusiasm, and the ability to read music and to hear it from the printed page. These having been taken for granted (though the opening pages abound in helpful suggestions as to how to improve matters), off we go, via the running of weekly practices, committees, dealing with 'discontented singers', to 'things that can go wrong on the day' (p. 108). So lavish is the detail that one might be forgiven for envisaging Miss Holst as one verging on the demented as the time of the concert approaches: shooing away brass-rubbers from the tomb upon which the First Violins are to sit; toting a heavy lectern into the vestry to make room for the tymps. (She seems to favour the use of churches as cheap concert-halls, but does right not to blame her Host for the desperate inconveniences He might put in her way.) But no. Time and again she urges delegation of duties, so that the conductor can 'stop worrying about details . . . and allow yourself the *luxury* my italics of thinking about the music' (p. 111). Here is the most important observation in the whole book. But there is much more for the amateur, in the way of numerous and beautifully printed musical examples of the art and craft of securing the elements of style, words, chording, and all the important things.

Index and Contents could not have been better assembled. For those of us, who, like the author, have spent our working life in this demanding activity, it will cause many to say with a sigh, 'I wish I'd had something like this to read when I started out . . .'

JOHN RUSSELL

The Harpsichord and Clavichord by Raymond Russell.

(2nd Edition, revised by Howard Schott.) Faber and Faber £7.50.

It is rarely that in the course of a brief 15 years or so musicians are able to observe and live through a complete change in the style of musical performance. That such a change has come about in the performance of baroque music, and the performance of harpsichord music in particular, is due to a number of factors, but principally to a wider interest in the early instruments themselves, and a recognition of their influence on such practical matters as tempo, phrasing and registration.

In the keyboard world the two books which have done most to revolutionize the ideas of the performer are not curiously enough manuals on style or technique but on the history and construction of instruments. Raymond Russell's *The Harpsichord and Clavichord* (first published by Faber's in 1959 and now appearing in a welcome second edition revised by Howard Schott), and Frank Hubbard's *Three Centuries of Harpsichord Building* (1965, Harvard University Press). Neither of these books says a great deal about musical performance and Raymond Russell's book is particularly reticent on this score, but his implications are profound.

When *The Harpsichord and Clavichord* first appeared, it had already been maturing in the author's mind for about 18 years. He modestly called it 'An Introductory Study' but it has assumed the proportions of a classic.

His world-wide researches not only plotted the positions of nearly all the important early instruments that still exist but revealed many fascinating details about their construction and reconstruction. Theories which had been accepted by generations of writers, all feeding like parasites upon one another's books, turned out to be falsely based and the true history appeared for the first time.

One of the factors which emerges most powerfully from the book is the fact that there is scarcely such a thing as an 'authentic' instrument in the world. Almost every one has been 'improved', enlarged, subjected to 'grand ravalement', etc., and by the time the ravalement has been unravelled there is precious little to tell us what the original sounded like.

The book is most handsomely illustrated, and of the 109 photographs only 18 had ever appeared before the first edition, the rest were entirely new evidence. The present edition is indebted to Mr Schott for one or two greatly improved photographs, notably the pictures of the J. Ruckers Double Virginal of 1623, now in the Harding Museum, Chicago.

In very few respects has Mr Schott made any substantial alterations to the text, except for factual ones concerning harpsichords which have moved house or changed hands. (The most important development here is, of course, the legacy of Mr Russell's own celebrated collection to the University of Edinburgh, its housing in St Cecilia's Hall, and its availability to the outside student through the courtesy of the University.)

There are a few amendments and additions to the actual sum of known instruments—for instance, the Hans Muller harpsichord of 1537 at present in Rome, but presumed to be the earliest domestic keyboard instrument made outside Italy, and the Thomas Barton of 1709 which adds a valuable contribution to the slender list of English instruments surviving from the period 1700–1730.

There is also a fascinating exposure of a piece of 18th-century faking: a harpsichord in the Paris Conservatoire labelled with the name of the great Hans Ruckers and dated 1590, is now discovered to bear the discreet pencilled signature of the 18th-century French maker Goujon on an obscure part of its anatomy—in fact, on the four-foot hitchpin rail. It appears that Goujon, knowing that the prestige of the name Ruckers would add about 50% to the instrument's price value, did a very creditable piece of what is known in the modern world as 'instant antique' work, and thereby fooled the connoisseurs for more than 200 years.

But apart from a few detailed alterations of this kind it is astonishing to find the text and subject matter of the book remain unchanged and yet so relevant today.

The author was quite right in his surmise that had he ended the book, as he originally intended, with an account of the modern harpsichord it would have become outdated even before completion.

Nevertheless, in view of the overwhelming influence of this book, it would have been of great interest had the present editor, with his great knowledge of the subject, added a chapter to bring us up to date instead of stopping, tantalizingly, just at the end of the 19th century, and just when things began to get exciting.

Mr Schott's editorship has indeed been discreet to the point of self-effacement. So many changes have taken place since the book was first written that it is fascinating to read, for instance, just how Mr Russell originally handled that dirty word '16-foot stop'. His words were, in fact, cool and factual and add to one's respect for a fine book which is essential to any serious student of the harpsichord but, alas, like so many books in that category, horribly expensive to the student.

RUTH DYSON

The Young Person's Guide to Piano Playing by Sidney Harrison.
Faber Music Ltd. £1.50.

This is a particularly interesting book which I heartily recommend to all pianists.

The mechanics of the piano are explained in a very lucid manner and Mr Harrison gives sound advice on the purchasing of a piano—one of the biggest problems facing so many parents of young pupils.

The additional chapters are concise and abundant in sound common-sense, thus fitting in admirably with the rest of the book.

This *Guide to Piano Playing* is indeed one of the most entertaining books in circulation today and at the modest sum of £1.50 it will make an ideal gift for anyone interested in this elusive but enjoyable pursuit.

PHYLLIS NORBROOK

Palestrina's Style by Malcolm Boyd. *O.U.P. paperback* 95p.

Subtitled 'A Practical Introduction', this book justifies its existence by the belief that practice in a particular style should stem from a close study of the music itself, thereby rejecting the species method of Fux and other theorists, and that direct imitation, while not necessarily making a good composer, will provide an insight into a musical culture

that cannot so successfully be gained in any other way. The author is also mindful of the requirements of music courses where imitation of a given style is replaced by close study and analysis of representative works, and indeed this book should admirably serve the interests of students of Palestrina by focusing their attention on his characteristic traits both by concise summary of his technique and by relevant musical examples, while emphasizing the importance of singing, playing at the keyboard and listening to as much music as possible.

Palestrina's technique is covered under four main headings, respectively Modality, Rhythm and Melody, Harmony, Texture and Structure, and the book also contains thirty exercises graded from simple word-underlay through two-, three- and four-part imitative style (initially with the assistance of some of the entries or phrases to be imitated) to three complex exercises where the student is given no more than the plainsong upon which he is urged to base 'a short motet in three, four, or five parts', the mode, at least, being indicated. Helpfully, an index of music examples and exercises is included.

Each chapter opens with a brief statement of intent, followed by the detailed points, under appropriate headings. These presuppose a certain basic knowledge of 16th-century contrapuntal technique, and while modality is disposed of quite painlessly, who can feel so confident of remembering the difference between dactylic and anapaestic rhythms? (Palestrina preferred the former although, incidentally, the printing of the example on page 15 is unclear, at least in my copy.)

Included towards the end is a select bibliography for those who wish to pursue their study of 16th-century vocal music in greater depth. The art of imitating the contrapuntal techniques of the 16th century is a tricky one, and while this book does not set out to teach the absolute beginner, nor does it aspire to the heights (depths?) of such a thorough-going investigation as that of the late H. K. Andrews, nevertheless it fills admirably, with its concise, lucid style, that vital need for a comprehensive yet intelligible manual which will take the student beyond the treadmill of 'traditional' examination counterpoint and make available to him a deeper insight into a musical culture of which Palestrina's vocal style was arguably the purest.

PETER CAMERON

The Music of Berlioz by A. E. F. Dickinson. *Faber and Faber, 1972.*
280 pp. £8.00.

This is very much a 'middle of the road' book, depending for its effectiveness on the reliability of its generalizations. Dickinson prefers to treat the music as independently of Berlioz's personality and social background as is viable. This could work well for many composers, but whether this is valid for such a 'thorough-going romantic' as Berlioz is certainly in doubt. Nevertheless it is only fair to accept the writer's declared point of view as the basis for the book and not to cavil at its eccentric point of departure.

The music is treated by genre rather than chronologically. While the reader might lose the thread of Berlioz's development as a whole, there is value in studying the symphonies, songs, etc. as separate groups. These pieces are works in their own right rather than examples of the composer's progress, but it is characteristic of Dickinson's approach that he seems also to regard as unimportant the whole subject of stylistic development.

I tried to imagine for what kind of person this book was written. Dickinson himself suggests that he has 'first in mind the isolated and comparatively rural reader, not necessarily in close touch with big orchestral or operatic events, nor able to command a vast supply of records at a touch, and not trained in the elements of structural dynamics and symmetry'. He goes on, 'accordingly, I have not hesitated to go over details in slow motion. The impatient reader must accept this or quit'. Fascinated by the prospect of the comparatively rural reader's ignorance of structural dynamics I pressed on, hoping that here was this most elusive commodity, the penetrating book for the layman. Not so. Regrettably Dickinson fails because he uses too technical language to explain too simple points, and he tries to analyse in classical terms whole movements in one short paragraph. I quote: 'So to the "Allegro agitato e appassionata" and to EX 13 (*Idée fixe*—Symphonic Fantastique) in G with complementary phrases. It soon becomes clear that the bridge-passages are informal. However, the signals for the second-subject group become clear, namely key-establishment (G), and here is the start. An alert

listener would perhaps identify the hint of EX 13, as an overlapping feature in matter usually kept studiously apart, but the violin repartee is what most catches the ear and persists later in this context. 'Actually . . . ' Actually, my rural friends haven't heard of second subjects and the prospect of 'a nervous impromptu semitonal ascent, rising in set sequence' left them unenlightened. The treatment of tonal vicissitudes as Victorian melodrama might well be apt when going for laughs but seems unsuitable in what purports to be a scholarly book; and again: 'but the whole fabric collapses on to a single cadential note D, on the horn, signaling an ample reprise in the provocative or at least puzzling key of G again with the second subject twisted into E minor to be different. But is this perhaps all a diversion? No.'

Dickinson is weakest on the purely instrumental pieces, perhaps because they present largely insoluble problems for this kind of treatment. For the dramatic and liturgical works, the inclusion of the very extra-musical subject matter he wishes elsewhere to relegate, binds his analyses together. It is very dangerous for all concerned to take isolated phrases or sentences from this book as, viewed out of context, they often sound ridiculous. H.J.M. in his review of this book in April's *Music and Letters* deems preposterous the remark 'The numbers of extra brass in the Requiem are "for security against drop-outs"'. A closer look at what Dickinson actually said reveals that this particular criticism, along with much of that particular article, was wilfully wide of the mark. He in fact wrote 'The bold penetration into the lowest notes of the tenor trombone for the end of the Hostias (Requiem Mass), to the power of eight - for security against drop-outs' while illustrating points from 'La Grande Trait  d'Instrumentation'.

There is an irritating number of trivial errors (e.g. for 1834 read 1843) more in proof-reading than scholarship I suspect, which makes the book a little treacherous for the serious student, but very few books are free of such things. Dickinson's literary style might offend the susceptible. If one compares some of the above examples with sentences like 'What or who meant most to him craft-wise?' and 'In the event the more Tchaikowsky he' one gets something of the range.

In summation, there is much in this book which is very worthwhile. Armed with the relevant scores and a determination to rationalize apparently contradictory statements, this panoramic if slightly idiosyncratic view of Berlioz should do wonders for the rural reader. For penetrative insight he must look elsewhere.

JOHN BAIRD

BOOKS AND MUSIC RECEIVED

The Music of Berlioz	A. E. F. Dickinson <i>Faber and Faber</i>	£8-00
Debussy:	Roger Nichols	£1-20
Oxford Studies of Composers	<i>O.U.P.</i>	
An Introduction to	Maud Karpeles	£1-15
English Folk Song	<i>O.U.P.</i>	
Studies in Eastern Chant	Edited by Miloš Velimirović	£6-00
General Editors: Egon Wellesz and Miloš Velimirović	<i>O.U.P.</i>	
Book III		
A History of Scottish Music	Kenneth Elliott and Frederick Rimmer <i>BBC Publications</i>	90p
Constant Lambert	Richard Shead with a memoir by Anthony Powell <i>Lutterworth Press for Simon Publications</i>	£2-95
Masterpieces of Music before 1750	Carl Parrish and John F. Ohl	£1-50
An Anthology of Musical Examples from Gregorian Chant to J. S. Bach	<i>Faber and Faber</i> <i>paper covered edition</i>	
Melody Writing	William Lovelock, D.Mus (Lond) <i>Roberton Publications for</i> <i>Allans Music (Australia) Pty. Ltd.</i>	60p

Patterns in Sound For SSAATBB unaccompanied	Brock McElheran <i>O.U.P.</i>	
A. Etude and Sounds		25p
B. Etude and Pattern		35p
C. Etude and Scherzo		25p
D. Canon and Coda		25p
The Little Newborn Jesus Child	Dietrich Buxtehude	32p
Das Neugeborne Kindelein	Edited and arranged with keyboard reduction by Walter Ehret	
For Chorus of Mixed Voices with Organ or Instrumental Accompaniment	<i>Roberton Publications for Lawson-Gould Music Publishers Inc., New York</i>	
Orchestral Percussion Technique (Second edition)	James Blades <i>O.U.P.</i>	£1.00
A Performer's Guide to Baroque Music	Robert Donnington <i>Faber and Faber</i>	£7.00
The Plumes of Time.	Alasdair Hamilton <i>Roberton Publications</i>	£0.50
Four Songs for medium voice and piano (Lewis Spence)		
Scherzo for Piano Duet.	Alasdair Hamilton	£0.40
The Keys of Canterbury	<i>Roberton Publications</i>	
The Life and Music of John Field, 1782-1837. Creator of the Nocturne	Patrick Piggott <i>Faber and Faber</i>	£10.00

Dr. H. Arnold Smith's booklet *The Ways and Means of Vocal Production and Expression* edited by Raymond Elliott and Donald Francke is obtainable free of charge, from the Director's Secretary.

GRSM DIPLOMA RE-EXAMINATION DECEMBER 1973

PASS

Belinda R. Barrett
Joanna M. Goodall

Paul A. Hill
Frances Lynn

ARCM EXAMINATIONS, DECEMBER 1973

PIANOFORTE (Performing)

Cook, Michael
Woolley, Robert

PIANOFORTE (Teaching)

Edden, Michael Alexander
Howard-Williams, Anthony
Swainsbourne, Clive Richard

ORGAN (Performing)

Poulter, David Graeme

ORGAN (Teaching)

Jenkinson, Alan

STRINGS (Teaching)

Violin

Chivers, Keith Owen
Liddy, Peter James
Gilligan, Eleanor Mary
•Stephens, Reidin

Viola

Brown, Sarah Jane Havell
Rice, Cecily

Violoncello

Moxon, Paul Graham
Rigg, Susan Margaret

WOODWIND AND BRASS (Teaching)

Clarinet

Allen, Christopher James
Tayler, Stephen William

SINGING (Performing)

Lloyd, Margaret Kathleen

HARPSICORD (Performing)

Cooper, Carol-Lynn

LUTE (Performing)

North, Nigel John

•Passed with Honours

NEW STUDENTS EASTER TERM 1974

Joseph Assidon
Helen Field
Valda Fuhr

Robin Jeffrey
Paul Prickett

Opera and Concert Programmes

Christmas Term 1973

THE OPERA SCHOOL

December 5th, 1973

In the gracious presence of Her Majesty The Queen, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother—a special performance of 'Amahl and the Night Visitors'—*Gian-Carlo Menotti*. Produced by Dennis Arundell. First Chamber Orchestra, leader Geoffrey Lynn, conducted by Richard Austin. Subsequent performances given on December 6th, 7th and 8th. The first named in the following cast list sang on December 5th and 7th with the exception that the part of Amahl was sung by Stephen Langridge at all performances except that on December 7th when John Smelt took the role.

Amahl's Mother—Robina Badger, *Mair Davies*; *King Caspar*—Peter Jelles, Richard Brabrooke; *King Melchior*—Martin McEvoy, Peter Lewis; *King Balthazar*—Christopher Ross, Patrick Wilkes; *The Page*—Stephen Dowson, Paul Burrows; *Solo Dancers*—Richard Brabrooke, Martin McEvoy and Meryl Drower who danced at all performances; *Chorus of Villagers and Shepherds*—Annette Bisdorfe, Sally Carter, Ann-Marie Connors, Virginia Cox, Mair Davies, Patricia McCord, Kathleen Parker, Sally Present, Joy Roper, Jennifer Samson, Hilary Sugar, Hugh Beaman, Richard Brabrooke, Paul Burrows, Adrian Clarke, Stephen Dowson, Kenneth James, Stephen Hill, Peter Lewis, Martin McEvoy, George Pearce, Christopher Ross, Patrick Wilkes. Dances arranged by Margaret Rubel. *Chorus Master*: Paul Searle-Barnes. *Production Manager*: Peggy Taylor. *Stage Manager*: Anna Sims. Set designed by Francis Fisher and additional painting by Angela Vernon Bates. *Wardrobe*: Marjorie Stanford. *Electrician*: Pauline Elliott. Wigs by Bert. Readers will find the Royal Visit reviewed on page 5 of this issue.

CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS

The First Orchestra

Leader: Peter Eddy

October 25th, 1973. Conducted by Mr Bryan Balkwill.

Concert Overture, Cockayne—*Flgar*. Lenski's Aria from 'Eugene Onegin'—*Tschaikowski*. Peter Jelles.† Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A minor—*Schumann*. Yitkin Seow.* Suite, Ma Mere l'Oye—*Ravel*. Symphonic Poem, Tull Luleinspiegel—*Strauss*.

December 13th, 1973. With the Choral Class. Conducted by Mr David Willcocks.

The Dream of the Road—Richard Blackford‡ (first performance). *Soprano*—Pamela Smith (guest artist); *Mezzo-Soprano*—Margaret Cable (College Professor); *Organ*—Duncan Faulkner (students). Belshazzar's Feast—William Walton. *Baritone*—Edward Thornton.* A review of this concert appears on page 20 of this issue.

The Second Orchestra

Leader: Robert Pool

November 13th, 1973. Conducted by Mr Norman Del Mar, unless stated otherwise.

Symphonic Poem, Vlatava (Ma Vlast)—*Smetana*. Conducted by Richard Blackford.‡ Concerto for Violin and Orchestra—*Khachaturian*. Geoffrey Lynn. Adagetto from Symphony No. 5—*Mahler*. Conducted by Jonathan Del Mar. Ritual Dances from 'The Midsummer Marriage'—*Lippett*.

The First Chamber Orchestra

Leader: Geoffrey Lynn

November 30th, 1973. Conducted by Mr Harvey Phillips.

Apollon Musagete: Ballet en deux tableaux—*Stravinsky*. Le Tombeau de Couperin—*Ravel*. Concerto for Oboe and Small Orchestra—*Strauss*. John Anderson. Divertissement—*Ibert*.

The Second Chamber Orchestra

Leader: Jonathan Martin

October 17th, 1973. Conducted by Mr Harvey Phillips, unless stated otherwise.

Horizon Overture—*Joseph Horowitz*. Concerto de Aranjuez for Guitar and Orchestra—*Joaquin Rodrigo*. Charles Ramirez. Conducted by Russell Harris. Concert Aria for Soprano and Orchestra, 'Ah! non sai qual pena', K.416—*Mozart*. Yolanda Vidal. Symphony No. 4 in B flat—*Bethoven*.

November 21st, 1973. Conducted by Mr Harvey Phillips.

Overture, Tancredi—*Rossini*. Concerto No. 3 for Horn and Orchestra in E flat, K.447—*Mozart*. Paul Pritchard. Introduction, Variations and Fugue on a theme of Giles Farnaby—*Bernard Stevens*. Symphony No. 88 in G major—*Haydn*. Movements conducted as follows: 1. by William Lewis, 2. by David Atkins, 3. by Geoffrey Pearce and 4. by Simon Nicholls.*

The Wind Symphony Orchestra

Leader: David Campbell

November 20th, 1973. Conducted by Mr Philip Cannon.

Pageant—*Vincent Persichetti*. Emblems—*Aaron Copland*. Petite Symphonie—*Gounod*. Concerto Grosso—*Robert Russell Bennett*. Selection, 'West Side Story'—*Leonard Bernstein* (arr. Duthoit). Fiesta del Pacifico—*Roger Nixon*.

The Director's Concert

October 11th, 1973

Motet for Double Choir: Bring us, O Lord God—*W. H. Harris*. The Choir Training Class, conducted by Mr Richard Latham. Songs of Good Counsel, for Contralto and Piano—*Adrian Cruft*. (a) Now is well, (b) Wicked tongue, (c) Care and woe, (d) Truth, (e) Mine ending day, (f) Pride, (g) Grant us a good end. Miss Margaret Cable and Mr Bernard Roberts. Sonata for Piano in B flat, K.333—*Mozart*. Yuriko Murakami. Six Love Poems of D. H. Lawrence, for Tenor and Piano—*Mark Raphael*. (a) Dog-tired, (b) Cherry robbers, (c) Dream-confused, (d) Flapper, (e) In a boat, (f) Listening. Peter Jeffes and Stephen Wilder.† Two pieces for Piano—(a) Capriccio in B minor, op. 76, no. 2—*Brahms*; (b) Poem for Piano—*Takeichiro Hira*. Yuriko Murakami. Cinq Chansons de Femme, for Soprano and Harp—*Philip Cannon*; (a) La mal mariée, (b) L'amoureuse, (c) La veuve, (d) La bien mariée, (e) La bien aimée. Ann-Marie Connors and Fiona Hibbert.

The Twentieth Century Ensemble

Directors: Mr Edwin Roxburgh and Mr Stephen Savage

December 10th, 1973

Laborintus II, for Voices, Instruments and Tape—*Berio*. Mezzo-Soprano solo—Geraldine Connor; Sopranos—Geraldine McMahon and Jean Wilkinson; Speaker—Mr Stephen Savage; Flute—Simon Desorgher; Electronics—Peter West.* Conducted by Mr Stephen Savage assisted by Russell Harris. Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello and Harpsichord—*Elliott Carter*. Elizabeth Bennett, Christopher O'Neal, Jennifer Muskett,* and Stephen Wilder.† Et Exspecto Resurrectionem Mortuorum—*Messiaen*. Speaker—Lady Falkner; conducted by Mr Edwin Roxburgh. Laborintus II—*Luciano Berio*.

Concert of Electronic Music

November 6th, 1973

Prologue (Words by Tim Sebastian)—*Simon Desorgher*. Baritone—Paul Hillier; Trombones—Graham Bolton† and Henry Hardy. Kyries and Alleluias II, Meditation, Fanfare—*Lawrence Casserley*. Flute—Simon Desorgher; Violin—Jonathan Martin; Piano—Richard Bolley. Purple Peach—*Russell Harris* and Peter West. Live Electronics—*Russell Harris* and Peter West.* Percussion—Kevin Hathway.* Tape Work—*Michael Ball*. Narcissus—*Tristram Carey*. Flute—Simon Desorgher; Live Electronics—Mr Tristram Carey.

Concert of Christmas Music

by

The Bach Cantata Choir, conducted by Mr Denys Darlow

The Baroque Ensemble, Director: Mr Francis Baines

and

The Viol Consort, Director: Miss Elizabeth Page

Organist: Christopher Brayne

December 11th, 1973. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, W.1.

Five Carols for Mixed Voices: (a) Hodie Christus Natus est—*Sweetlinck*; (b) Shepherd's Cradle Song—*Leuner*; (c) Sans Day carol—*Rutter*; (d) An earthly tree—*Byrd*; (e) From Virgin's Womb—*Byrd*. Trio Sonata in C for Baroque Flute and Recorder—*Quantz*. Baroque Flute—*Philippa Davies*; Recorder—*Leila Ward*; Harpsichord Continuo—*Robert Woolley* and Cello Continuo—*Caroline Brown*. Three Carols for Mixed Voices: (a) Personent Hodie—*German, 1360*; (b) Noël Nouvelet—*French trad*; (c) I sing of a maiden—*Hadley*. Fantasia for Strings in Six Parts—*Byrd*. In Nomine for Strings in Seven Parts—*Purcell*. Choral Prelude for Organ, In Dulci Jubilo—*Bach*. Three Carols for Mixed Voices: (a) Shepherd's pipe carol—*Rutter*; (b) Nativity carol—*Rutter*; (c) Adam lay abounden—*Ord*. Christmas Concerto for Strings and Continuo—*Corelli*. Three Carols for Choir and Audience: (a) Hark the herald angels sing; (b) It came upon the midnight clear; (c) O come, all ye faithful.

Concert by 'The Prince Consort'

Director: Richard Hunt

October 18th, 1973

Counter Tenors—Rodney Gibson and Richard Hunt; Tenor—Robert Ramus; Baritone—Andrew Golder and Adrian Clarke; Bass—Philip Curran; Piano—Stephen Hill; Double Bass—Ninian Perry; Percussion—Kevin Hathway. Pastime with good company—*Henry VIII*. Mass for Three Voices—*Byrd*. A selection from The Yale Song Book. Cantata in popular style: Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo—*Flanders and Horowitz*.

Exchange Concert

Students of the Danske Musikkonservatorium, Copenhagen

October 5th, 1973

Kirsten Buhl Møller—Soprano; Ingrid Holch—Flute; Anne Oeland—Piano and Ola Karlsson—Cello.
Song from the 'Deutsche Arien' for Soprano, obbligato flute, cello and piano, 'Meine Seele hort ihm Sehen'—*Händel*. Suite no. 2 in D minor for solo cello, op. 131c—*Reger*.
Six Mörike Lieder for Soprano and Piano—*Hugo Wolf*. (a) Denk' es, O Seele; (b) Frage und Antwort; (c) Der Gärtner; (d) In der Frühe; (e) Begegnung; (f) Erstes Liebeslied eines Mädchens.
Chaconne for Piano, op. 32 (1912)—*Nielsen*. Deux Poemes de Ronsard, for Soprano and Flute—*Roussel*.
Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano in C major—*Martini*.

Abendlieder

November 16th, 1973

Three Songs for Baritone and Piano—*Schumann*. (a) Wanderlied; (b) Der Arme Peter; (c) An den Sonnenschein. Stephen Dowson and Angela Müllbauer.
Four Duets for Mezzo-Soprano and Baritone, op. 28—*Brahms*. (a) Die Nonne und der Ritte; (b) Vor der Thür; (c) Es rauschet das Wasser; (d) Der Jäger und sein Liebschen. Susan Cochrane, Gary Coward and Barry Jobling.
Four Songs from 'Sieben frühe Lieder'—*Alban Berg*. (a) Nacht; (b) Die Nachtigal; (c) Im Zimmer; (d) Sommertage. Veronica Prideaux—Soprano and Geoffrey Osborn—Piano. Octet, Gott in des Natur—*Schubert*. Sopranos—Elizabeth Gardner, Sally Burgess, Beverley Maclean and Susan Cochrane; Mezzo-Sopranos—Vivienne Bailey,† Karen Shelby, Susan Smyth-Tyrell and Krystyna Majewska; Piano—Barry Jobling. Conducted by Richard Blackford.‡
Three Alte Minnelieder: (a) Nun Laube, Lindlein—*Prætorius*; (b) Die Brunnlein, die da fließen—*Isaac*; (c) Es ist ein' Ros' entsprungen—*Prætorius*. Mezzo-Soprano with Guitar—Karen Shelby.
Two Songs for Baritone and Piano: (a) Aus Goethes Faust—*Beethoven*; (b) Lob des hohen Verstandes—*Mahler*. Nigel Leonard and Rosalind Brothers.
Two Songs from 'Pierrot Lunaire'—*Schönberg*. (a) Mondestrunken; (b) Eine blasse Wäscherin. Mezzo-Soprano—Sally Burgess; Flute—Valerie Robeson; Violin and Viola—Philip Burren; Clarinet—Chris Allen; Cello—Jan Gauder; Piano—Lynda Chang.
Three Songs for Soprano and Piano—*Marx*. (a) Sommerlied; (b) Japanisches Regenlied; (c) Hat dich die Liebe berührt. Yvonne Hopton and Barry Jobling.
Octet, Nachtgesang im Walde—*Schubert*. Tenors—George Pearce, Stephen Hill, Paul Gytton, Anthony Britten; Baritone—Adrian Clarke, Gary Coward; Basses—Edward Thornton,* Kevin Austin; Horns—Malcolm Goodman, Muchsin Montgomery-Campbell, Simon Vout, John Stobart. Conducted by Richard Blackford.‡
Coach to the German Class—Professor B. A. Taylor-Stach, Hon. RCM.

Chamber Concerts

October 23rd, 1973

Toccata for Organ—*Durufle*. Oliver Macfarlane.‡ Quintet for Piano and Wind Instruments in E flat, K.452—*Mozart*. Oboe—Leila Ward; Clarinet—Derek Schaaf†; Horn—Michael Doré; Bassoon—Jonathan Holland; Piano—Frances Eagar. Sonata for Violin and Piano—*Elgar*. Jean Fletcher* and Simon Nicholls.* Sonata no. 7 for Piano—*Prokofiev*. Ronan Magill.

November 27th, 1973

Three Pieces from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book: (a) Nobody's Gigge—*Farnaby*; (b) Pavana Fantasia—*Byrd*; (c) Wolsey's Wilde—*Byrd*. Harpsichord—Rosemary Shenfield. Song Cycle for Mezzo-Soprano and Piano, 'Let us garlands bring'—*Fitz*. Deborah Keen and Barry Jobling. Trio for Clarinet, Viola and Piano in E flat, K.498—*Mozart*. Derek Schaaf,† David Atkinson and Frances Eagar.
Four Songs for Mezzo-Soprano and Piano, op. 12—*Webern*. (a) Der Tag ist vergangen; (b) Die geheimnisvolle Flöte; (c) Schien mir's, als ich sah die Sonne; (d) Gleich und gleich. Shelagh Molyneux* and Stephen Wilder.†
Three Pieces for Piano from 'Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jesus'—*Messiaen*. (a) Regard des Anges; (b) Première Communion de la Vierge; (c) Par Lui tout a été fait. Jan Latham-Koenig.*

*denotes Scholar

†denotes Associated Board Scholar

‡denotes Exhibitioner

We wish to apologise for the very late publication of this issue which is due in part to the present energy crisis and to the Editor's heavy professional commitments in opera.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC UNION

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